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Gimme a Reese's  
we're killing for Jesus.

Those peanut butter cups  
are fuckin outrageous! Hey,

murderers like chocolate.  
Mom emails "Are you building  
schools? I saw it on Fox."

Not quite. But have taken care  
of a few pupils.

Information sessions where the war's  
explained? "Changes every month or so,"  
I yell out. "You're not listening, Trooper!" I

get back from him. "Hey you hired us to  
be killers and that's what we're doing.  
Have a complaint?"

Went too far. Insubordinate. Apologize to  
the Major later, but had to add, "With respect,  
Sir, knock off the Washington shit. We know what  
we're doing. Why bother us with anything else?"

My buddy and I will be heading for Tokyo,  
if we live. Have the same birthday! Ain't  
that some kick in the ass? Both Twenty soon.

Anyway, our second time at one great whorehouse.  
Hiroshi, who runs the place, told us he's ashamed  
he survived the war.

He was, like. a kid soldier in the Pacific and  
scorched by flamethrowers. He's, like,  
yellow and blue. Fuckin guilt.

"Shame, my ass! You lived, didn't you?"  
He gives us a shitload of stuff,  
like we don't even pay for.

Steak dinners and champagne!  
"Why are you doing this?" we ask  
"Because I love you."

"Whoa! Wait a minute here!"

"I love you because I know you. The way I love  
myself at nineteen. Because you two are me."

Man! He's some fuckin weird Jap dude!